

CHURCH MATTERS.

R eligious Notices.
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. H. W. Ballantine, Pastor. Public worship on the Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 M. Sunday school first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. Ezra D. Simons, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. The Lord's Supper on the first Sabbath of each month, close of morning service. Temperance meeting on Tuesday evenings. Prayer meeting on Thursday evenings. Young People's meeting, Sabbath evening at 6:30 o'clock.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. D. R. Lowrie, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting, Thursday evenings at 7:45. Class meetings, Tuesday and Friday evenings at 7:45 o'clock.

WESTMINSTER PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. F. Fremont, corner Franklin, —Rev. S. W. Duffield, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 12 M. Weekly prayer-meeting at 8 o'clock each Thursday evening, in Chapel room.

CHRIST CHURCH (Episcopal)—Liberty street.—Rev. W. G. Farrington, D.D., Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock. Second service, 4 P. M. Sunday school at 2:45 P. M.

CHURCH OF THE SACRED HEART.—Rev. J. M. Nardello, Pastor. First mass, 8:30 A. M. High mass, 10:30 A. M. Vespers, 3 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M.

BERKELEY UNION SABBATH SCHOOL.—Held in Berkeley School-house, Bloomfield avenue, every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M. John A. Skinner, Superintendent. All are welcome.

WATSESSING M. E. CHURCH.—Rev. J. Cowans, Pastor. Sunday services: Preaching, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 2:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Thursday evening at 7:45. Class meeting on Tuesday evening at 7:45.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH (Watseissing).—Rev. Daniel L. Edwards, Rector. Morning service, 10:30 o'clock; evening service, 7:30. Sunday school, 3 P. M.

GERMAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. John M. Enslin, Pastor. Hours of service, 10:30 A. M. Sunday school, 2 P. M. Prayer meeting, Tuesday evening, 7:45 o'clock.

REFORMED CHURCH (Brookdale).—Rev. William G. E. See, Pastor. Sabbath services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school, 9 A. M. E. G. Day, Superintendent. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening.

HOLY CHAPEL.—Sunday school, every Sabbath at 3:30 P. M. John G. Brightton, Superintendent.

SILVER LAKE.—Sabbath school held every Sunday in the hall, at 3 P. M. Charles A. Hubbs, Superintendent. Gospel meeting every Sabbath evening at 7:30 o'clock. Prayer and Conversational meeting, Friday evening.

The Rev. D. R. Lowrie will deliver in the Park M. E. Church on Sabbath evening a memorial discourse on "The Life and Character of Bishop Simpson." The Bishop was the most eloquent divine in the Church. The pulpit will be appropriately draped. The young people of the Sunday School will assist the choir in the singing.

The Gas Lights Again.

To the Citizen: Your correspondent of last week, asking for lights up Washington street, is too awfully particular. The next thing he will expect to have the roads up that way put in repair. If everything needed and proper were done, the Town Council would have nothing to discuss. Let us have peace.

X. L. P.

Defending Liquor Sellers.

Recently Samuel F. Jones, the prominent criminal lawyer, announced in the police court that hereafter he will not appear as counsel in the criminal courts of men accused of violating the liquor laws. A reporter called upon Mr. Jones and asked him the reasons for his action. Mr. Jones, in reply, said: "It is doubtful whether there has been in this State a more general and decided feeling that something must be done to stay the ravages of intemperance, than exists to day. It is by no means confined to what are known as temperance people or temperance organizations. Our business men of every class know that they are taxed to care and provide for an army of the poor and unfortunate, to say nothing of the criminal classes, brought to that condition by drink. The prisons, insane asylums, poorhouses and numberless charitable institutions all about us furnish abundant proof. And all this misery is tolerated in order that a few may make a little money. There is no disguising the fact that commodities unhealthy and poisonous are sold right here in Hartford under the guise and name of spirituous liquors. The Good Samaritan, recognizing the fact that legislation in the present condition of political parties cannot or does not furnish the relief desired; or the reform demanded, are making vigorous efforts in this and the adjoining States to create a public sentiment against liquor drinking. They are reinforced by a class of men whose efforts must and will be productive of great good. Indeed, some of our best criminal lawyers say publicly that they will no longer appear in court as defenders or apologists for men prosecuted for a violation of the law relative to the sale of liquors. For myself I have become personally disgusted with the whole liquor traffic; and although not a professed temperance man, I shall hereafter have nothing to do with the defense of men accused of violating the liquor law." —*Hartford (Conn.) Post*.

A letter carrier at Montgomery, Ala., delivered a letter a few days ago that was written in 1850. The woman who wrote it is still alive, but her husband, who forgot to mail it, is dead, fortunately for him.

LITERARY NOTES.

MR. W. SCOTT RUSSELL'S SEA STORIES.

The sea stories of Mr. W. Clark Russell have obtained celebrity which places him among the very first writers of marine fiction. Not even Maryatt has been more popular. The fine is, in truth, a limited one and the few books which comprise its literature are unendingly interesting. Michael Scott's "Tom Cringle's Log," and the "Cruise of the Midge," are famous examples. "The Green Hand; a Short Yarn," is another, admirably well contrived and reflecting the highest honor upon George Capples, its author, who originally contributed it to the pages of "Blackwood's Magazine." A similar story from his pen, "The Deserted Ship," is as wild and unique a narrative as a boy's heart can wish. This is no place in which to enumerate the name and writings of Cooper and Kingston and Nordhoff, who have all of them given us stories of the sea. Capt. Chamier's books furnish half a dozen titles of moderate value. But, in comparison with these, the various volumes to which Mr. Russell has set his name, are infinitely more attractive and decidedly greater in bulk.

Mr. Russell follows on the path of the merchant sailor. He revives the old interest awakened by De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Dana's "Three Years Before the Mast," as in Melville's "White-Jacket," and "Omoo," he takes us into the sailor's daily life. His earliest success was "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," which became famous not merely for its close and correct descriptions but for its delineations of ocean scenery.

Mr. Russell is the master of sunsets and storms, clouds and incidents. He moves us in the happiest and most earnest language, through the varying scenes of his plot. And the plot is itself naturally limited. A study of his books with the purpose never hitherto made, so far as we are aware, will illustrate our meaning.

In the "Wreck of the Grosvenor," a crew revolt through bad food and coarse landing. The experience is that of a mutinous set of naturally evil men; with storm and wreck coming upon the top of the other difficulties and with a delicate and beautiful love story running throughout.

"A Sailor's Sweetheart" is as pretty a bit of work as Mr. Russell has given us. It is dainty and graceful and full of strong and masterly pictures of the vicissitudes of the deep. This, too, is a legend of wreck and rescue. "Auld Lang Syne," however, is partly shore and partly sea—a frail thing for which there is not much use. So is "A Sea Queen," which is hard to get into really begin—but which has some few good points in illustration of the heroism of an actual person, a captain's wife cast upon her own resources in a time of storm danger. "Jack's Courtship" ought never to have been written. It has a deal of rhodo monotone to it; it seems to have been composed on a type writer run by steam. It is a long time beginning to command and when it has once fairly begun it is mighty quick in finishing. Yet it does not lack some fine and novel passages—notably the brief experience of mystery during which an unpleasant rival is disposed of by sea-sickness. But to our taste "Little Lou" is as good as the "Wreck of the Grosvenor"—which is actually preceded in time by competition. It is the honestest and most realistic study of the modern sailor which can be found anywhere. Mr. Russell, in his preface to it, seems to indicate his preference to be much the same as our own.

We have reserved a word of commendation for two volumes of collected sketches—"My Watch Below," and "Round the Galaxy Fire," in which an author appears to advantage as a student of the sea and of sailors.

With these different pictures exhausting the variety of this sort of story there remains two other books by Mr. Russell which stand out as thoroughly original conceptions. One is "The Lady Maid," in which the pleasure excursion of a yacht changes to a disastrous wreck and the passenger—who had previously been a mate in the merchant service—organizes the elements of rescue. Like all the other stories except the "Ocean Free Lance," this is a yarn spun by the bright paper on the "Minister and the Music," by Dr. C. S. Robinson, and with other admirable stories and essays, contributes a most readable periodical. Dare we venture to hint that the largest constituency for this brilliant magazine will be permanently found among a class of people who despise "hamp, limp lilies, and tarts from the raphaeline and the roses" of pre-Raphaelism have become more and more obnoxious?

The "Manhattan" is also rejoicing in a new cover; a vast improvement over the old one. The contents, too, are enlarged in quantity and the quality is as fresh and bright as ever. We particularly commend the plain speaking of Frank Vincent, Jr.'s paper on the "White Elephant." It will be a revelation of truth to unscrupulous circus men. The "Manhattan's" illustrations are an honor to it, approaching well towards the standard of the "Century" and "Harper's." It scarcely seemed, when the magazine started, that it could make a success of itself. But the experience of "Hours at Home," the "Galaxy," and the old "Putnam's," "Knickerbocker," and "Graham's," ought to be sufficient to show what a large mass of people in this country will not read trash and will read, eagerly, good, healthy and cheerful literature. For this class—never so numerous as now—the "Manhattan" is steadily setting an excellent tale.

Bring on Your Eucalyptus!

The blue gum has been ill-naturedly called the vampire of the vegetable kingdom, a title which is surely a misnomer for the tree which, put to its legitimate uses, has done so much toward beautifying with its graceful evergreen thousands of barren places in this State where no other tree would equally thrive. California shorn of its eucalypti would present many a desolate landscape which to-day is cheerful and picturesque.

In malarial districts a small forest of these trees, by tapping and exhausting stagnant pools and low-lying marshes, does more good than any amount of imported drugs or expensive prescriptions. In other places devoid of shade the tree performs a mission of deauty and restfulness, its far-reaching branches breaking the monotony of the view and forming cool oases of grateful shade. As a timber tree the value of the eucalyptus is as yet greatly underestimated, but soon destined to be forced on public attention.

Even a blessing, however, may be perverted or misapplied. A tall eucalyptus growing in a small garden among ornamental shrubs and trees and overshadowing windows where sunlight should enter, is not in its right place. Out of proportion to the surroundings, its trunk and branches take on a ghastly, skeletal look, scaring the roses out of bloom and sapping the whole garden with its sponge-like roots till no life is left for other vegetation. Owners of homes in Santa Barbara are gradually cutting down such of these gigantic Australian weeds as are too near their premises.

Many wells are also being dried up or injured by the penetrating web-like roots, which reach, even from young trees, throughout an immense area of subsoil. A twenty-foot well on Mr. Schuster's place, on Cota Street, caved in a few days ago, necessitated

something which apparently combines some of Charles Read's strength and William Black's delicacy. Yet it is characteristically, and always, Mr. Russell's own. The plot is slight enough. It is the thorough naturalness and sharp delineation of the figures which entitles "John Holdsworthy" to rank among the very best of W. Scott Russell's stories.

THE REMARKABLE HISTORY OF SIR THOMAS UMPHERE, BART. M. P., FORMERLY KNOWN AS "TOMMY UMPHERE," by R. D. Blackmore, author of "Lorna Doone," etc.—New York, Harper's, 1884—12 mo., pp. 255.

"Tommy Upmore" is one of those curious books which make us wonder why men spend the time, and the good English of an excellent style, in their composition. To the American mind there is a doleful lack of *raison d'être* in the theme and in the characters. Of plot there is nothing worth mentioning. But it is certain, that if ever any man wrote throughly well equipped himself, that man is R. D. Blackmore.

The principal person in the story is a who is a volatile, or rather aerial youth, with a tendency upon occasion to literally "go up" like one of Peter Wilkins' flying islanders. This peculiarity elevates his rank in society and ultimately puts him into Parliament, where he crowns his career by floating to an oak beam above the speaker's head and there singing a patriotic song in a time of critical division, when the country is understood to be going to the dogs at a rapid pace, and to need the restorative of conservative sentiments.

It appears to us that the book is full of local hits at scientific people; and that it is a thinly disguised satire of the ambitious middle classes in English politics. To the best informed Americans this must prove very dull reading in spots. To the other sort of American, who does not care a copper about Lords or Commons, it is plain that the volume will presently assume a rather porous tone.

Yet if ever the words "charm of style" ought to be employed they should be used here. We could note many a sentence that, for quiet humor and self-contained ease of expression, need not go to seek its master anywhere in English fiction. These opinions, and this concluding judgment, we feel perfectly safe in expressing, for the book is unique and most readers will not take kindly to it. And yet they should, too, for it has real attractiveness of its own:

—The *Century* for July is to our thinking a great improvement over the *Century* for June. There was in that number scarcely anything one wanted to read—although the illustrations were, as usual, exceedingly fine. The poetry is, even yet, rather too aesthetic for the average reader but the reviewer who deals with recent American verse in the Open Letters is evidently in a state of glow and glory and sees everything in a haloed atmosphere. How can we speak of Mr. Abbott's book, for instance, as containing "labyrinths of vast and improving imagery?"

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